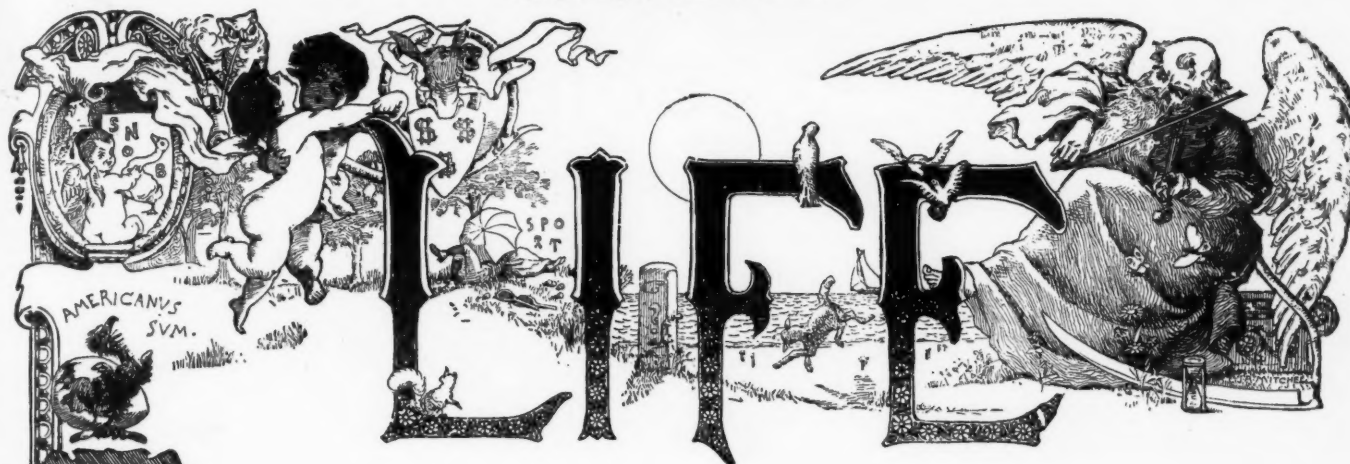


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NOT A FLATTERER.

*She:* ALL OF WHICH ONLY CONVINCES ME THAT YOU MARRIED ME FOR MY MONEY.  
*He:* WELL, IT MAY NOT SEEM PROBABLE, BUT I HONESTLY LOVED YOU.

893.  
VOLUME XXII.  
NEW YORK, DECEMBER 7, 1893.  
NUMBER 571.  
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· LIFE ·

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AND OF BUT  
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PURCHASERS SECURE  
ENTIRE FREEDOM FROM  
FALSE IMPRESSIONS,  
AND THE QUESTION  
"IS IT SILVER OR IS IT PLATED?"  
IS NEVER RAISED  
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Why it Falls Off, Turns Grey, and the Remedy.  
By Prof. HARLEY PARKER, F. R. A. S.  
C. F. LONG & Co., 1013 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

“Every one should read this little book.”—*Athenaeum*.



THE FLORAL CIPHER.

*She:* I AM NOT UP IN THE LANGUAGE OF FLOWERS. WHAT DID THAT BUNCH OF JACQUEMINOTS MEAN THAT YOU SENT ME?

*He:* I DON'T GET THE TRANSLATION FROM THE FLORIST UNTIL THE END OF THE MONTH.

QUESTIONABLE KIND-  
NESS.

**STIRUP** (*at the Man-hatunet*): They tell me Booby can't get a second at the Unibocker.

**THE MAJAH:** Gad, if they'd let non-members second, I'd be glad to help him.

**STIRUP:** But you had him blackballed here.

**THE MAJAH:** Yes, but Boob's the kind of man you'd be glad to see elected to some other club.



"TIED IN THE LAST HEAT."

**WOOL:** I suppose it's not a commendable thing to confess, but I must say I hate children.

**VAN PELT:** Why don't you join Mr. Gerry's society?

**I**T is very hard on a young man to spend two months deciding which of two girls he will choose for his wife, and then to find out when he proposes that neither of them will have him.



"While there's Life there's Hope."

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MCKANE shows the right spirit in suing the newspapers that have charged him with crimes. Even if one has done something very outrageous indeed, it is as well, if one has money enough, to sue newspapers that mention it. It helps the public to believe that the culprit has doubts about his own guilt. It is rumored that after New Year's, when Judge Maynard has retired from the Court of Appeals, he will bring libel suits against sundry newspapers and lawyers in New York. It is

a good thing for him to do, and if he really does it considerable interest will be felt in remarking whether the verdict of the courts in his case corresponds with the judgment recently entered by the people.

Doubtless Maynard's experience has had its influence with McKane. It is an excellent sign, and a great compliment to the press and the voters, when such a man as he thinks it better to face the courts than public opinion.



THERE is a new story about Mr. R. L. Stevenson, to wit: that he has been ill, and that when the last steamer touched at Samoa the first request from the shore was for ice for him. One general peculiarity has been observed in all the stories from the South Seas about Mr. Stevenson, which is that they are untrue. But, even accepting this at its face value, is there anything that could happen to Mr. Stevenson that could do him any harm? Is he more than a wraith as it is, and, if he died, for example, would he be any farther off than he is at present, or any less able to contribute to our entertainment? Perhaps he would, but, indeed, it hardly seems so. Living where he does he is entirely cut off from the ordinary inspir-

ations of civilized life. He never sees a horse-show, nor a football game, nor even a yacht race; he did not go to the Chicago Fair; the newspapers are all a month old when they reach him; he never knows about a strike until it is over, or of a scandal until the lady has been buried and the gentleman's fault condoned. That he should maintain his hold on the world's attention under such conditions helps one to believe not only in the immortality of the soul, but in the power of the intellect to achieve independence of the corporeal husk. If word should come from Samoa that he was dead, and any one believed it, the natural sentiment would be that he had gone to a new field which had long needed writing up, and that he would send us back better stories than ever, and get better prices for them from the magazines.

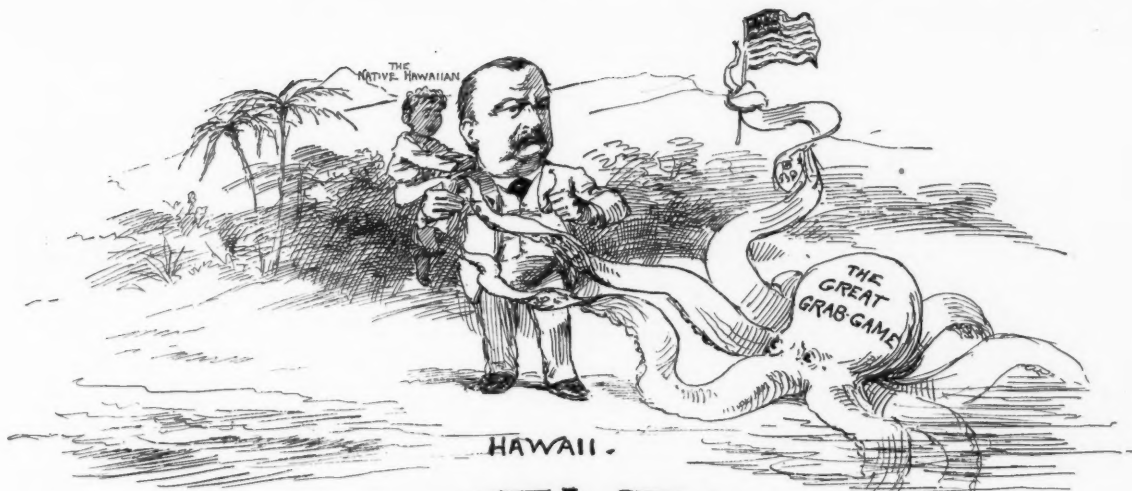


should be brought up Catholics. The lady refused to agree and the match was called off.



THERE is no sort of equity about that method. If Protestants and Catholics are to continue to intermarry it is time to strike out for fair-play. The simplest way to achieve that is to follow the rule in all cases that the children shall be brought up in the faith of the mother. If a Protestant man insists upon marrying a Catholic girl it is for her to make the terms, and in the other case it is for the Protestant woman to make them. When a good woman has made up her mind to marry a good man it is a pity that anything should be allowed to prevent her. Nevertheless LIFE greatly admires the spirit of the Westchester lady in rebelling against a system of impudent iniquity, and against a rule that fails in the quality indispensable to every good rule—that it should work both ways.

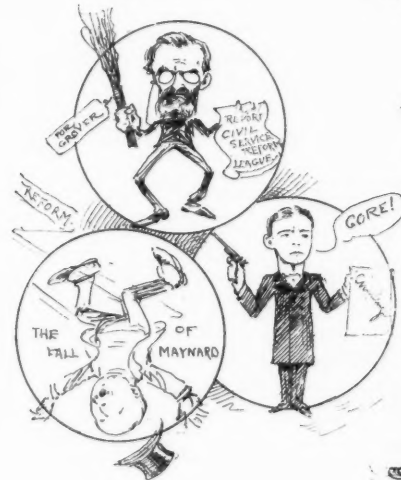




GERMANY ESTABLISHES  
A LARGE FORTIFIED  
CAMP ON THE BELGIAN  
FRONTIER.

NOVEMBER

THE END OF  
THE GREAT  
COAL STRIKE.



MASHONALAND. JOHN BULL THOROUGHLY ENJOYING HIMSELF.



THE AMERICAN COMEDY.  
A NOT UNUSUAL PRODUCT.

**A** YOUNG man!  
To be sure.  
Any particular young man?  
Very particular.  
Doesn't look it!  
No?  
No. Height average; no deformity of figure; clothing respectable; aspect prepossessing to intelligent. A good-looking young man, but why particular?  
His father was Silas Snapshot, the pill-man.  
And that makes him —?  
A Man of Means!  
Large means?  
Oh, very considerable!  
Had them long?  
Several years.  
Seems to wear well.  
Oh, yes.  
Fine looking young man to be sure. No dissipation; a firm mouth, and a direct glance. There is thoughtfulness too in that width of brow.

Oh, Dan Snapshot is a good fellow, a first-rate fellow. It was hard to find better company than he used to be.

Has he deteriorated then?

Oh, I wouldn't say that.

But he isn't as good company as he used to be?

Potentially he is, I guess, but practically I suppose not. Poor old Dan!

What's the matter with him?

He's got so many things, poor old chap.

Too many?

Well, no; not too many. That isn't quite it. He swings them all.

The trouble then—?

It seems to come to about this, that he has to hump himself so to get the full benefit of all his things, that he doesn't get as much chance as he used to to invite his soul.

#### AN ADVENTURE

So he is cheaper company than he was, is he! What has he got, anyhow?

A house in town, a house in the country, a house at the sea shore, a salmon stream in Upper Canada, a duck island off North Carolina, a steam yacht, a sail yacht, some hunters, some polo ponies, some four-in-hands—

What, all that just for himself?

He's got a family. That's not many things for a man with a family. He has only one town house, and his yachts are not very big.

Well, go on!

Er—where was I?

Four-in-hands.

Oh, yes. And a wife and children, and a controlling responsibility in the pill business, and one or two lawsuits, and some fancy cattle, and a picture gallery, and oh, a good many other things that I don't remember. You see, he's been trying to get a complete set.

Set of what?

Set of things.

Well, hasn't he got it?

Dear, no; not yet.

What's to seek?

House in London, house in Paris, Scotch moor, ducal son-in-law,



HE CONSOLES HIMSELF  
WITH A COPY OF LIFE,

bigger town house, more country houses, game-preserve in New Hampshire, winter home in Florida, ditto California, castle in Spain—ever so many things yet, and of course a man must travel sometimes, too.

He isn't hoggish about his things, is he?

Dan hoggish? The most hospitable, generous man in the world. Whatever he has got there is no trouble in sharing with him.

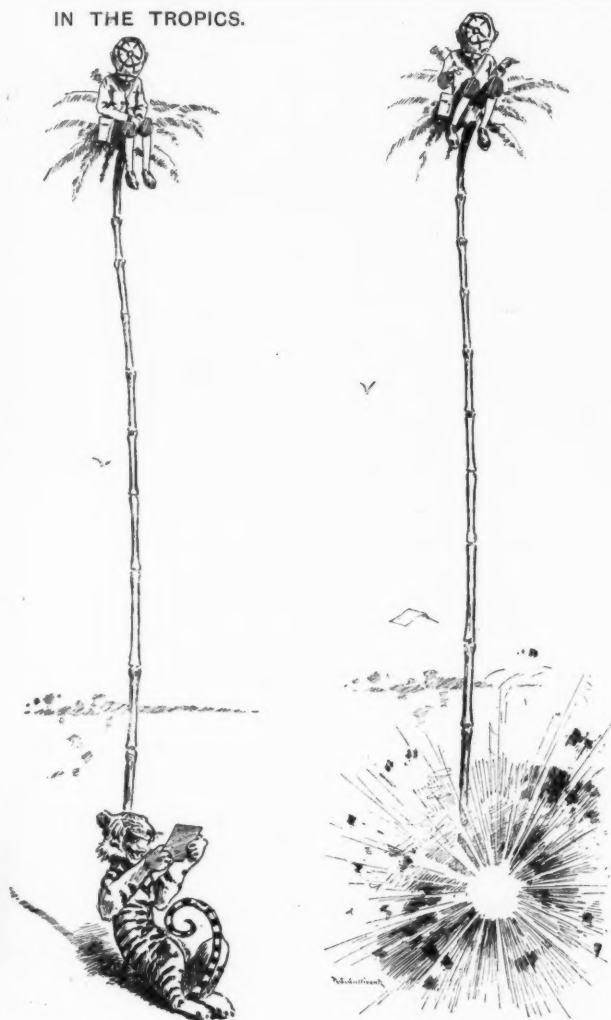
What's the hitch then?

To share him with the things.

Do they monopolize him?

No; but you see there are so many of them and only one of him to own them all and keep the run of them!

IN THE TROPICS.



WHICH HE DROPS,  
ACCIDENTALLY, AND

THE TIGER EXPLODES  
WITH MIRTH.  
N. B. This is true.

If he were a regiment it would be better.

Oh, yes; or an orphan asylum, or a boarding school.

Still they are good things.

Bully things; and the usufruct of them is not to be sneezed at; but they are not Dan—not the Dan Snapshot that was, and not as good company. And then besides—

Well?

Dan's income must be something like half a million a year now, and that's all of fifteen hundred dollars a day, not counting Sundays.

Suppose it is?

Why, that's a hundred dollars an hour for every hour he spends out of bed.

Well, what of it.

Don't you think it's a kind of an awful thing to use up whole hours of the time of a hundred-dollars-an-hour man just in playing with him? Wouldn't you be afraid, some minutes, that he hadn't got his two dollars worth? I don't actually feel that way with Dan. I don't yield to the impulse. I just play with him as though a dollar an hour was a big price for his time, just as it is for mine. But still.

The theory's better than the practice, is it!

Inevitably. You can't waste time that's worth so much. If there is any choice, you waste your own instead. You can't keep a man waiting at \$1.60 a minute. You wait for him because that only costs \$1.60 an hour. Yet your time is more necessary to you, after all, than his is to him, and you are less able to waste it.

And all that is detrimental to his usefulness as company.

I suppose so, and yet I won't admit it yet. Poor old Dan; poor old chap; he shall never be driven to associate just with millionaires for lack of an old friend who is willing to waste a day on him.

NEW BOOKS.

*A CYNIC'S SACRIFICE.* By Lewis Vital Bogy. New York: G. W. Dillingham.

*"His Love for Helen."* By J. B. H. Janeway. New York: G. W. Dillingham.

*A Comedy of Masks.* By Ernest Dowson and Arthur Moore. New York: D. Appleton and Company.

*The Romance of a School Boy.* By Mary A. Denison. St. Paul: The Price-McGill Company.

*Relics.* By Francis MacNab. New York: D. Appleton and Company.

*Literary Gems.* Fifth Series. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

*No Heroes.* By Blanche Willis Howard. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin and Company.

*My Foot-light Husband.* By Alan Dale. New York: Cleveland Publishing Company.

MRS. PEACHBLOW: Why does your husband carry such a tremendous amount of life insurance, when he's in such perfect health?

MRS. FLICKER: O, just to tantalize me. Men are naturally cruel.

KRANICH: I vas be sufferin' mit insomnia, dogtor.  
DOCTOR: Indeed!

KRANICH: Yah. Vhen I vas be asleeb, I vas snore so loud dot I vas geeb mineself awake der whole nighd.

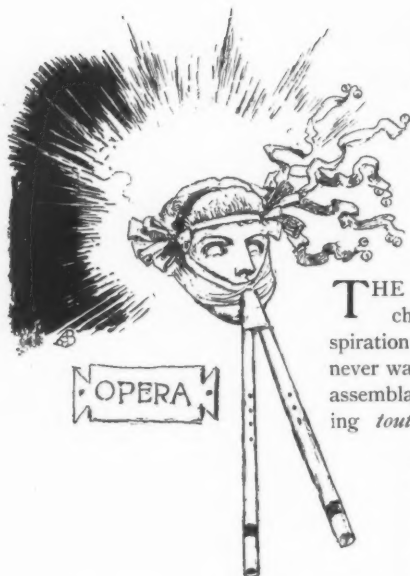
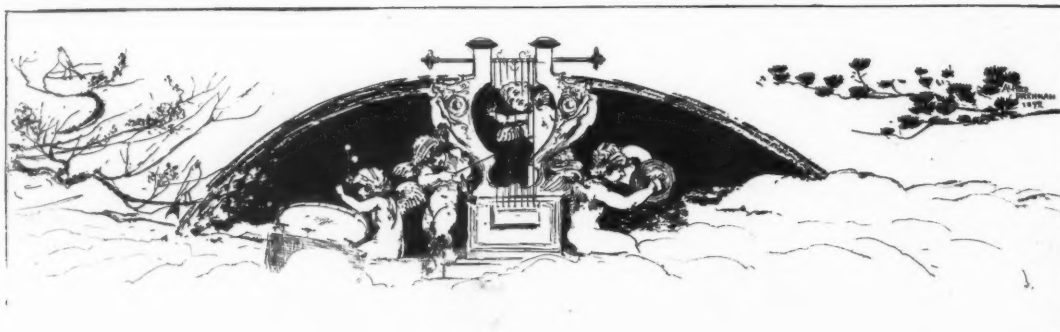


P. L. E.  
FIND THE GIRL WHO IS GOING TO BE KISSSED WITH





POLE.  
OING TO KISSED WITHIN TEN MINUTES.



"At Paris it was at the Opera there;  
And she looked like a queen in a book that night,  
With the wreath of pearl in her raven hair,  
And the brooch on her breast so bright."

THE Opera has been the chosen scene and the inspiration of many a writer, but never was there a more brilliant assemblage, nor a more inspiring *tout ensemble*, than that contained in the Metropolitan Opera House on this season's opening night. Everything joined to make the occasion memorable.

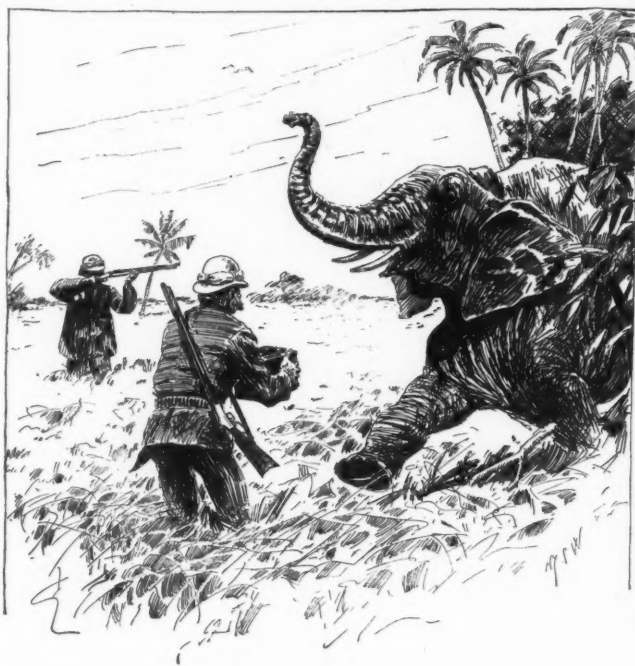
The house itself was practically a new one, the opera was "Faust," the cast was strong, and the mounting was such as perhaps Gounod's greatest opera never had before.

The Metropolitan Opera House, as it was before the fire, ranked among the best in the world. The architects and decorators have changed and improved it materially. The color scheme is far lighter and, in combination with the lavish use of electroliers, serves to make it bright, and at the same time a most becoming background to an audience. The seating capacity has been considerably increased, but by the removal of some of the old boxes this has been done without cramping the spectators. In fact, the chairs at the Metropolitan are the most comfortable to be found at any place of amusement in New York.

The audience at the opening performance was as brilliant as the house could hold. One would think from its appearance that such a thing as "hard times" had never been heard of. Every seat and every box was occupied. In dress and jewels this audience could vie with any similar gathering the world over, but, being in America, the element of feminine personal beauty was added to a degree which should make

any fair-minded foreigner admit that it excelled any audience ever in an opera house. It was such an audience that the one poor foolish woman who wore a large theatre hat was an object of such marked notice that she would fain have concealed herself in its depths.

To this audience was given "Faust" with Miss Eames, the De Reszkes and M. Lassalle. This cast is so well known to the American musical public that to describe its performance is almost to write history. Mme. Scalchi was to have been the *Siebel*, but to the disappointment of the audience her place was supplied by a most inadequate substitute. The minor parts were acceptably done and the numerous chorus was as effective as could have been expected at a first



#### REAL ENTHUSIASM.

"HOLD UP! BOB. DON'T SHOOT UNTIL I SNAP THE CAMERA. I'LL NEVER GET ANOTHER CHANCE LIKE THIS."



THE ADVANTAGES OF A GO BETWEEN.

"YOU MUST TELL HIM I DON'T LOVE HIM."  
 "WHY DON'T YOU TELL HIM SO YOURSELF?"  
 "OH, HE WOULD BELIEVE IT IF I TOLD HIM."

performance. The orchestra, which under the new management is much further below the stage than before, is admirable.

To any one familiar with the elaborate setting that Mr. Irving gives to "Faust" on the dramatic stage, any operatic production of the story is likely to seem lacking in artistic detail and effect; but no one, no matter how many times he may have heard the opera, ever saw it better staged.

The present management has the Metropolitan Opera House for five years to come, and, judging by the initial performance, New York may expect to see opera more brilliantly and more artistically presented than ever before. Time should bring almost absolute perfection of detail.

MISS MARIE TEMPEST and "The Algerians" have moved over to Daly's. It seems that Miss Tempest might use her abilities to better

advantage than in such an opera and perhaps better than in opera at all. She has marked talent as a *comédienne*, and it might not be a bad experiment for her to try something in that line.

"PHILEMON ET BAUCIS"

was never considered one of Gounod's important works, and never added anything to his laurels. It tells a dainty story prettily and musically, but it seems strange that it should receive two simultaneous productions in New York—fairly well done in English at Hermann's Theatre, and in more pretentious style at the Metropolitan.

*Metcalf.*

DECKER: Are you ever troubled with insomnia?

HECKER: Oh, sometimes.

DECKER: Well, what do you do when you can't get to sleep?

HECKER: I lie awake.

GABLEIGH (as *Joblowski, the long-haired pianist passed*): If that fellow's hair and brains were to change places he would be bald-headed.



"A MIGHTY BAD FIX."

HE: A fellow told me yesterday he thought I was such a bright fellow.

SHE: That's an awfully bad habit.

HE: What is?

SHE: Talking to yourself.



HE THOUGHT NOT.

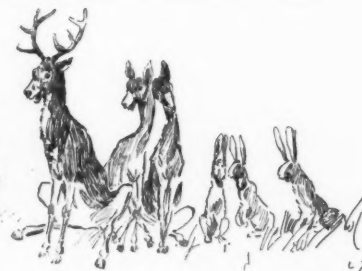
OFFICE BOY: There's a stranger at the door.

EDITOR: Does he want to pay his subscription?

"I suppose not. He says he is anxious to see you."

SHE: Is there a rule of love?

HE (*glancing at the chaperon*): Yes; but it isn't the rule of three.



WHY DOES ALL NATURE LAUGH  
WHEN A WOMAN TRIES TO HIT  
ANYTHING?

THE New York *Sun* is one of the best newspapers in America; but there are two things about it that no one but Mr. Dana understands. One is that it uses so much small type and the other that it is invariably on the wrong side of every public question. In none of his after-dinner speeches and addresses on newspaper making has Mr. Dana ever divulged either of these secrets.



A FASHIONABLE CALL.

*Lady in coupé*: NOT AT HOME, EH? I'M SORRY. TELL HER I CALLED, WILL YOU, PLEASE? AND SAY I WOULD HAVE WAITED ON'Y MY HORSE IS A LITTLE RESTIVE!



BEFORE THE FOOT-LIGHTS.





LIFE'S FUTURE HOME.

LIFE, with his usual modesty and desire to shrink from public gaze, has, up to this date, refrained from any comment on the glories of his future abode. Other periodicals have so deafened a nauseated public with the trumpeting of their architectural efforts, that LIFE, in disgust, has chosen the other extreme.

But now concealment is no longer possible. Eight stories of stone and steel have climbed high into the air on Thirty-first Street, between Broadway and Fifth Avenue, and proclaim far louder than printers' ink the story of LIFE's enterprise and glory. The banging of hammers and the clinking of many chisels announce, with joyous din, that this shall be the home of cheerfulness and wit, of art, and fun, and satire. And the building itself!

For the passer-by there will be a quickening of his artistic pulse when this radiant façade smiles down upon him. Its graceful proportions and exquisite carving will be a revelation to him.

It will be absolutely fire-proof, and equipped with every modern appliance that conduces to the comfort of man. In the stories above will be apartments for selected bachelors, of undoubted personal beauty, and studios for a very limited number of exceptionally gifted artists.

ORTHOGRAPHICAL.

HE: As you're a student of character, what can you say of mine?

SHE: You're one who makes big mistakes.

HE: How can you tell?

SHE: By your handwriting.

ISN'T it about time the great State of New York purged itself of that vile fiction known as the "common law marriage?" It saturates our courts and newspapers with filth and protects the rights of no one. To the lay mind it seems as though a very little simple legislation could declare what is a legal marriage under the laws of the State of New York, and save the public at large from much disgust. Inasmuch as the common law marriage is a source of considerable income to our friends of the legal profession, it would be too much to expect them to take the initiative. Perhaps some sensible legislator will undertake the task. How about that, Mr. Sheffield? You have your spurs to win, and LIFE is sure every decent journal and individual in the State would support you.



"A FACE THAT GROWS ON ONE."



THE SEASON.

'TATER pone cracklin' bread  
Take the place of melons red,  
Sugar cane and 'possum fat,  
Fill each Georgia Democrat!

Atlanta Journal.

A BOSTON clergyman tells me that, a short time ago, he was anxious to refer to a book called "Seekers After God." Ransacking bookstores and libraries in vain for it, he finally called to mind that a Chicago friend, also a clergyman, had frequently quoted from it so he wrote him to look about in Chicago bookstores, and buy the book for him as soon as possible. By telegram came the startling reply: "No Seekers After God, in Chicago." Boston Globe.

THE gas man called on the dentist to have a tooth extracted.

"Do you want to take gas?" asked the D. D. S.

"How much will it require?"

"Oh, don't worry about that; I'm not going to measure with the meter you use on"—Detroit Free Press.

WILD-EYED MAN: Gimme a box of rat poison.

CLERK (suspiciously): Do any of your neighbors sing "After the Ball?"

"No."

"Here you are, sir. Twenty-five cents, please."—New York Weekly.

"I WISH to know," said the elderly female physician who had been admitted to the office of the Western mayor, "if it is safe for a lone woman to go on the streets here at night?"

And the mayor looked as serious and solemn as the circumstances would permit when he replied: "Madam, I can't look you in the face and say that it is not."—Detroit Tribune.

EVERY one in Boston knows of old John the Orangeman, that picturesque and almost historical personage who presides over the affections of all Harvard men. And every one who knows John knows also that his life's motto is that familiar phrase which expresses briefly and to the point, the wish that Yale may be forever relegated to the region of sorrow and perpetual darkness.

One afternoon strangers were walking through the yard at Harvard, and on every hand they saw the college seal bearing this motto: "Christo et Ecclesiae."

Not being on speaking terms with Cicero, Caesar and the other Romans, this did nothing but to arouse their curiosity.

Finally they met John.

"I say!" said one of the visitors. "I see these words everywhere. Can you tell me what they mean?"

John looked carefully at the Latin inscription, bit his pipe a little harder, and then replied, gravely:

"Oi don't jist know, fr'nd, but Oi t'ink it means 'To h— wid Yale!'"—Boston Budget.

THE other day I was told of a little girl who attended a distribution of prizes given by the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. She had won, you must know, a book as a reward for writing the best essay on the subject given, and, with the other successful children, was undergoing a viva voce examination.

"Well, my dear," said the gentleman who had given away the prizes, "can you tell me why it is cruel to dock horses' tails and trim dogs' ears?"

"Because," answered the little girl, "what God had joined together let no man put asunder."—Leisure Hour.

Back numbers of LIFE can be had by applying at this office. Single copies of Vols. I. and II. out of print. Vol. I., bound, \$30.00. Vols. II., VIII., XIII. and XIV., \$20.00 each, bound. Vols. VII., X., XI., XII., and XVI., \$15.00 each, bound. Vols. III., IV., V., VI., IX., XVII. and XVIII., \$10.00 each, bound. Vols. XIX. and XX., \$5.00 each. Back numbers one year old, 25 cents per copy. Subscribers wishing address changed will greatly facilitate matters by sending old address as well as new.

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SCENE FROM AN UNPUBLISHED DRAMA.

Hermione: LEONIDAS, HEAR ME!

Leon: PEACE. I WILL HEAR NO FURDER!

Her: YOU MUST; YOU SHALL!

Leon: OH, HEAVINKS!

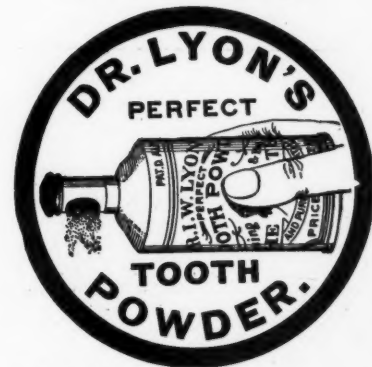
Her: WHEN WE FIRST MET, I WUZ YOUNG AND INEXPERIENCED. I THOUGHT I  
ED YOU—

Leon: OH, I SHALL GO MAD!

(Rushes frantically from the scene.)

ANY one with a spark of artistic spirit must be stirred with pride in American ability, when he sees the exhibition of silverware now on exhibition in the windows of the Whiting Manufacturing Company at the corner of Broadway and Eighteenth street. The display consists mostly of yachting trophies and runs from wonderfully wrought cups, two and three feet high, down to the less imposing but equally artistic chafing dish. LIFE doubts that anything like a similar aggregation of handsome silver has ever been shown, and advises its readers not to miss a view of it.

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